

BAZOO GOSSIP.

"Ours is a strange life of experience with the human family," said a clerk in one of the Sedalia hotels, to the Gossiper as he sat behind the counter smoking a fine flavored cigar.

"Why, what now?" interrogated the Gossiper.

"I'll tell you, and while I don't care about newspaper notoriety, yet I would like one man in this world to know that I am on to his 'tricket' said the clerk as he ejected a cloud of smoke from his nostrils.

"Why, who, what?" were the words fired at him by the Gossiper.

"A few months ago," said the clerk as he pulled the visor of his cap down to shade his eyes from the electric light which hung immediately in front of him, "a man residing in a neighboring town came to Sedalia one day and registered. This was no unusual occurrence, for he comes here often, as he has property interests here.

He is a pillar in the church at home and passes for a very moral man and I guess he is moral in his way.

About an hour after Mr. Blank registered, a woman, perhaps forty years old, walked into the hotel and registered from another town in the same county that Blank resides.

She was a comely lady of good appearance, and dressed with taste and neatness.

I noticed her particularly because there was a demeanor about her that attracted my attention.

We are no geese, if we do appear about half asleep.

I assigned the lady to room No. 72 and started the bell boy to show her the room.

This was about five o'clock p. m. and the days were short.

At six, Mr. Blank, came in, glanced over the register and went to his supper.

After supper, say 7:30, Mr. Blank walked up to the counter and said:

"I am going to Kansas City on the early morning train and I want you to put me down for a call at 3 a. m. and as it is so early, I believe I will retire so as to get a good rest."

I assigned him to room No. 12, and sent a bell boy with him to the room.

I stationed a negro porter to watch room No. 12.

Blank had been in the room but a short time when he came out and went along the hall looking at room numbers.

He burned matches and looked at every door on that floor. Then he went to the floor above and looked at every door.

"What was he looking for?" asked the gossip getting interested.

"Blank then came down stairs and walked up to the counter and looked at the register to see if he was not mistaken in room No. 72. That was what he was looking for.

Again he made the circuit of the hall's burning innumerable matches, but he did not find No. 72, for there was no such room in the house. The lady was in room 27 and I reversed the figures to fool old smoothness from

Blank, after his second trip over the hotel retired to No. 12 and nothing more was seen of him, for I had the room watched all night.

The hero of this was called at 3 a. m.

In due time he came to the office, again looked at the figures 72, paid his bill and departed for Kansas City.

About eight o'clock in the morning the woman came down, ate her breakfast, paid her bill and departed going south.

I want him to see this and I want him to know that we are up to his tricks.

His name, well I could give you that, but an innocent wife and family shall not suffer by any act of mine.

He's well known in Sedalia. He is a man of considerable property and he is very smooth but hotel clerks, and I repeat it, are no geese."

When the story had been told, a drummer who sat hard by was wide awake, a negro porter who was lounging and listening had his ivory exposed, and the gossip had heard every word.

And the above is no fiction. It is all fact even to the matches Blank had burned in his fruitless search for No. 72.

Sedalia society and customs were primitive once.

It was July 3, 1868.

Bacon Montgomery was mayor, W. C. Weiler, president of the board of aldermen and L. L. Bridges city attorney.

Ed Clegg kept a saloon on East Main street, between Ohio and Lamine streets.

On the night of July 3, 1868, Bacon Montgomery, L. L. Bridges, W. W. Snoddy and Dick Penny all well known characters, met in Clegg's saloon late in the evening and were soon seated around a center table.

They called for drinks.

The drinks were served and served and served.

They were celebrating the anniversary of American Independence

and the freedom of mankind to do as they pleased.

From drinking too freely, the persons named, became hilarious. None more so than Snoddy, who, to use a favorite expression of Bridges, was "bigger than a skinned horse, drunk or sober."

They commenced pulling and hauling at each other which led on and on until all were nearly nude.

At the first appearance of daylight on the Fourth of July, they all left for their respective homes, very much the worse for wearing apparel, while Snoddy figured in shoes, socks and a small remnant of a shirt collar about his neck.

Sedalia was a small town at that time and such a riotous proceeding could not be kept quiet, and it was soon noised around town.

A few days thereafter, someone swore out a warrant for the arrest of the party.

The day of trial came and Judge Chan. P. Townsley, afterward circuit judge, acted as city attorney to prosecute, while A. C. Scott defended his Honor, the mayor and his co-defendants.

The jury was called.

The Gossiper does not remember the jurors, except one, and that was Richard Hulland, an Englishman and a member of the board of aldermen.

William C. Weiler, by virtue of his office, in the absence of the mayor, presided as judge.

The case commenced by introducing Ed Clegg, the saloon keeper, as a witness. But little was secured from him to convict the marauders. The next witness was a policeman, who found Snoddy going home in very brief attire.

A number of other witnesses were introduced, with whom Lawyer Scott had a world of fun, in his cool and calculating manner, peculiar to himself and himself only.

When the case was about half through, Holland stood up from among the jury and addressed the court as follows:

"May it please the court, there is no cause of action, and I move this case be dismissed."

Holland and the balance of the jury grabbed their hats and walked out of court, followed by Bill Weiler, the defendants and the lawyers and the next session of that august body, judge, jury, lawyers, mayor and witnesses was held in Clegg's saloon where the glasses rattled by the right of the statutes of Missouri so made and provided.

That was the last of the case that grew out of a mid-summer night frolic.

And the participants—they are scattered.

Snoddy is farming near Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

Townsley is publishing a paper at Great Bend, Kansas.

Bacon Montgomery, A. C. Scott, Ed. Clegg and Dick Hulland are dead.

W. C. Weiler is the only one left in Sedalia.

L. L. Bridges, is in Washington, D. C.

Richard Penny, somewhere in Texas.

The court was held in a building on East Main street—next door east of the D. H. Smith Hardware company upstairs.

Said Mrs. —to the Gossiper.

"No I'm not going to the World's fair, I'm not going anywhere—I don't care for new clothes, I don't care how much that widow-trifling minx makes eyes at everybody she sees, my husband included, I don't care for anything I am plumb discouraged."

"Oh nonsense," I said, "don't be so down, just tell me all about it."

My friend, evidently wanted to unburden her mind and after a minutes, hesitation she said:

"You know Nannie?"

"Of course I know Nannie. Haven't I been hearing for months about her?"

"You'll never know what a miserable creature I have been on account of Nannie," mourned the woe-begone woman. "I thought I was miserable before I found the perfect servant, but I've been ten times as miserable since."

"In the first place," she said, "I was miserable because I didn't have her. My sister-in-law did, and I had to put up with Nora, who was good-natured, but used to get nervous and forget to pull her sleeves down before serving the dinner whenever there happened to be company. I had to put up with Jane, who used to stop her washing to tell me that, though she worked for a living, she considered herself much better than many who didn't, and that she would like to see herself, a free-born American, wear a cap for any woman! I used to have to put up with Frieda, who was so slow that the breakfast muffins were never cooked before luncheon, and with Dinah, who was fond of wearing my bonnet, and with Mary, who was big and brawny and ordered me out of the kitchen, and with Lucinda, who couldn't bear the children, and with

Delia, who called my husband 'that man,' and wouldn't let him enter the front hall on a rainy day for fear he'd leave foot prints on the rug, and all the time my sister-in-law had Nannie and Jack always wanted to know why I had such difficulty with my servants when Evangeline got along so well.

"Then one glad day Nannie came to me and in her own humble way requested to be allowed to do my work for me. She said she was too weak to longer take care of Evangeline's big house, and so I engaged her. That was the beginning of my wretchedness. Evangeline was convinced that I had lured Nannie away from her and has never been persuaded otherwise. It has caused a regular family feud.

"Nannie herself was perfect. She cooked deliciously, had no followers, loved the children, was never disrespectful, had the best taste in the matter of aprons, scorned the policeman and the milkman, never gossiped with the neighboring servants, had the most remarkable discrimination in the matter of callers, and never made the blunders that Nora was addicted to in the way of leaving my most stately friends on the steps while she brought up their cards, and ushering book agents into my very presence. Nannie loved work, was willing to help with the sewing, to sit up with the baby, to leave her ironing and run an errand; she took a personal interest in the brightness of the silver and the polish of the wood, and she rather despised my taste in bonnets."

"Then why on earth were you wretched?" asked the Gossiper.

"Oh, my friend, I was miserable. I never had company without imagining that every woman there wanted my Nannie and would be willing to steal her. Jack never brought an unmarried man home to dinner that I did not fear that bachelor would want to wed my treasure. Every hour was full of suspicions. I even began to think the children were growing too fond of her.

"Well, last Sunday that girl went to church and the minister was moved to preach a patriotic sermon, with remarks about Columbus and Chicago. He pointed out that the duty of every patriot was to go to the World's fair, and he suggested that the humblest domestic might avail herself of the glorious privilege and return a richer woman. He said that Chicago needed the toilers even as the toilers needed the uplifting influences of Chicago. And, Nannie gave notice before setting the table for our simple Sunday luncheon. I always had an evening dinner on Sunday so that she could go to church in the morning!

And with the money she had saved in my service she started for Chicago. I am doing my own work now and sending my washing out. Do you wonder I hate Columbus, and that I shan't go near the fair, and that the Duke is an object of deep-seated dislike?"

And the Gossiper said he did not wonder.

"R. A. Lindsay, late of No. 3 Engine company, Baltimore, city fire department, says that the members of his company have used Salvation Oil in cases of sprains and soreness with most gratifying results. It is the best. Only 25 cents."

Ten days after the late storm in Benton county the Metropolitan dailies gave an account that made it a tremendous affair. As the only loss of life was a colt killed, and the relics of the storm are some soft wood trees trimmed up, it will be seen how the news grows the bigger the farther from home it gets.

The Centreville Robbery. Warrensburg Journal-Democrat.

"Detective W. R. Haddock, of Sedalia, was employed to 'work up' the burglary case at Centreville, and Wednesday four men were arrested on suspicion of having robbed Baird Bros. store. Jas. Sweesy, who lives several miles north of Centreville, was first arrested, and confessed to being one of the gang. Following his arrest warrants were issued for the arrest of three other parties, two of whom, Sam Blair and Bob Glenn, are negroes, the other, Chas. Murray, white, living south of the village, are now in jail. Another man suspected and for whom a warrant is out, it is said has skipped the country. Whether the last named parties are guilty or not remains to be proven, but these arrests will probably lead to the conviction of the guilty ones."

Look at Billy Myer, the "Streator cyclone," once worshiped by his fellow townsmen almost. A gentleman if a man who enters the prize ring can be one. He was never licked until—until he met a stronger and more skillful man in New Orleans last fall. So nice a fellow and so popular was he that, 'tis said, that one half of the people of his native town, Streator, went broke on him—many mortgaging their homes in order to back him to the last red. Billy was the favorite three to one in the fight and they thought he could not be thrashed. But he was, and Billy Myer, the once popular young contractor and builder of Streator, is now conducting a saloon in Chicago. He tried to "elevate" the profession by being good. The people of his old home thought any thing possible of Billy Myer and believed that he could really "elevate" the profession of prize fighting. When his special train left Streator for New Orleans, Billy was escorted to the train by the mayor and a brass band. A fine banquet was prepared so that when the victorious winner returned he could be properly received. He did not win, nor did he return to Streator and the banqueters ate the feast alone and had the mortgages closed on their homes some months afterward.

Billy Myer would better have stayed by his carpenter's bench, retained the high regard of his friends and lived the life of a useful man. He would have been worth more money, been happier and lived longer than he will as it is.

It don't pay to win such transitory fame. To win it, you must train to such a fine point that your physical constitution is undermined and death invariably ends with pulmonary

SERMON TO BOYS.

Especially Designed for Those Who Want to Be Pugilists.

Boys, there's nothing in it.

You little fellows who witnessed with eyes bulging out the hippodrome performance at the opera house last Monday night by the black Australian, Jackson, and Chovnski, two magnificent specimens of muscle and strength, consider what it takes to make a pugilist and who he is when he is made.

Boys there's nothing in it.

Look at those two men and sift their careers. One is in the very zenith of his glory perhaps. The other is merely a back number and is now scarcely considered in even sporting circles.

Chovnski was a hero once. He floated on the top wave temporarily. He met more than his match in Corbett and now he, unfit on account of his training and life for anything useful, must travel around to let an Australian negro make a monkey of him at so much per night.

Boys, there's nothing in it.

Jackson will meet his superior in a short time and then he, too, will soon pass from history, and will cease to be a drawing card as Uncle Tom in a third rate Tom show. The final end may be forfeited, but no one can predict what the future of this black man of muscle and sinew will be, other than it will be dark and without a ray of hope. His present life makes it so.

Boys, there's nothing in it.

You need not look back beyond your years to see the inevitable result of entering the prize ring. A few years ago John L. Sullivan's autographs were worth a dollar apiece and to see him spar would cost a good round month's salary. What is he and where is he now? A garrulous old sport, disgusting his former friends and backers by his constant abuse of the man that thrashed him in a fair fight at New Orleans. It is only a few short months until Sullivan will have faded from the mind and he will be known in memory only as the champion pugilist for a decade that went down easily before a parvenu, whose name was scarcely known outside the athletic club on the Pacific Coast of which he was a member. Corbett will soon drop the name of champion and assume that of a vanquished fighter. It is so written in the stars. There is no help for it. It is a passing fame that ends in regret and remorse.

Again, boys, there's nothing in it; not a thing.

Look at Billy Myer, the "Streator cyclone," once worshiped by his fellow townsmen almost. A gentleman if a man who enters the prize ring can be one. He was never licked until—until he met a stronger and more skillful man in New Orleans last fall. So nice a fellow and so popular was he that, 'tis said, that one half of the people of his native town, Streator, went broke on him—many mortgaging their homes in order to back him to the last red. Billy was the favorite three to one in the fight and they thought he could not be thrashed. But he was, and Billy Myer, the once popular young contractor and builder of Streator, is now conducting a saloon in Chicago. He tried to "elevate" the profession by being good. The people of his old home thought any thing possible of Billy Myer and believed that he could really "elevate" the profession of prize fighting. When his special train left Streator for New Orleans, Billy was escorted to the train by the mayor and a brass band. A fine banquet was prepared so that when the victorious winner returned he could be properly received. He did not win, nor did he return to Streator and the banqueters ate the feast alone and had the mortgages closed on their homes some months afterward.

Billy Myer would better have stayed by his carpenter's bench, retained the high regard of his friends and lived the life of a useful man. He would have been worth more money, been happier and lived longer than he will as it is.

It don't pay to win such transitory fame. To win it, you must train to such a fine point that your physical constitution is undermined and death invariably ends with pulmonary

troubles. Such is the history of pugilists.

A physical wreck, with associations that lead only to the saloon, unfitted by a wasted life for anything useful under God's heavens, the saloon business supplies the temporary wants until the grave receives early in life the body of the man designed, physically at least, to be useful, but who, for a few years' notoriety and alleged pleasure, chose to lower himself almost to the level of the beast.

Boys, there's nothing in it.

When you close your fists and pat your biceps and think what a great prize fighter you will be when you get older, just take a turn at the saw buck in order to develop your muscle. Before you have sawed a cord of wood you will know how tiresome it is to become a pugilist and have your muscle developed.

THE COOK CASE.

Where He Has Been While Evading the Frisky Detectives.

It was rumored Saturday that Joseph M. Cook, the defaulting time-keeper of the Missouri Pacific, had a conference with the high moguls of the road at St. Louis before he returned to Sedalia. This rumor perhaps arose from the fact that Cook came to Sedalia from the direction of St. Louis. It is positively known that Cook has been staying for some time past in a mining town west of Denver.

When seen by a Bazoo reporter Saturday afternoon at his office, P. D. Hastain, Cook's attorney, denied that Cook had had any conference with the Missouri Pacific people previous to giving himself up. He admitted however that his client had been in St. Louis and that he had met Cook in St. Louis and came to Sedalia with him Thursday night, reaching here at 3 o'clock Friday morning.

Detective Furlong and other Missouri Pacific agents were in the city Saturday, but the significance of their presence here could not be ascertained.

That there is something brewing there is little doubt and it is highly probable that Cook may change his mind and make a statement for the benefit of those interested.

Developments in the case are awaited with great anxiety.

Trustee Sales.

There were two pieces of property offered for sale by a trustee, on April 18, at the west front door of the court house, in Sedalia. It was supposed to be a legal sale. The property was owned by M. Fleming and W. C. Williams. The property is in Sedalia and was advertised in a paper outside of Sedalia. It savors very much as if the beneficiary feared that there would be somebody else to bid on the property besides himself, if it were advertised in a Sedalia paper where the property is located.

This is not the first time this Shyllock has practiced this game and he will be duly exposed at no distant day. Such sharp practices to rob people of their homes, because he has the power, cannot run on forever without it being told.

Flag For World's Fair.

SEDALIA, Mo., April 28, '93.

Mesdames Smith and Cotton:

As quartermaster of Post No. 53, Grand Army of the Republic of this city, which was named after your loved and honored father, I place in your care the flag, presented by you, to this Post nearly ten years ago, that you may take it with you to the World's Fair and there unfurl it above the heads of tens of thousands of our countrymen. In behalf of the 215 comrades of General George R. Smith Post, No. 53, I do this, extending to you as we do, the sincere hope that you will enjoy a pleasant visit and return in safety to your home. By order of the Post,

JAS. A. CAPEN,
Post Q. M.

Died in St. Louis.

Sandie Brown, one of the oldest and most prominent jewelry salesman in the country, who had been with Mermod & Jaccard, of St. Louis for many years, died April 24th. He had many friends among the 400 of Central Missouri.

—Don't delay; always be on time, for prevention is better than cure. All coughs and colds and such affections of the throat and lungs as lead to consumption are cured by Dr. Bull's Cough syrup.

Hospital Corps.

Dr. Kelso received a letter lately from Dr. Trader, of Sedalia, surgeon of the second regiment, to the effect that a hospital corps is to be formed. From Capt. Diehr, it is understood that four men are wanted as volunteers to be thus detailed. The hospital corps has no guard duty to perform or drilling, but simply to care for the sick in encampment.—Nevada Evening Post.

FOOT BALL.

Marmaduke College Team Vs. the University's Second Team, Yesterday at the Park.

A Tie Game in the Rain With the Ball in the Possession of the Marmadukes.

The foot ballists have come and gone.

The State University second team including friends of about twenty strong, arrived Friday evening and were housed at Sicher's. The Marmadukes with almost the entire school, including professors and managers, arrived Saturday morning from Sweet Springs by a chartered train.

THE WEATHER

augured badly from start to finish, but there was enough sunshine to encourage both teams to play and Sedalians to flock to Association park.

At noon the sun shone and continued to shine until the teams were on the ground, but a greater part of the game was played in a pouring rain, which boys take to as readily as a duck to a pond of water, if the occasion demands it.

The ground was slick, there being so much rain, and the result was a great number of "fumbles." The teams were very evenly matched, each team making one "touch-down" and kicking one "goal" each. The University boys were the best "tacklers" and the Marmadukes the best at "blocking." Gains, Oldham, Bateman and Alley, carried off the "tackling" honors for the University. Harrison and Taylor did the best "blocking" and running for the Marmadukes.

THE GAME

was played in two thirty minute halves in place of the regular forty-five minutes with fifteen minutes rests in place of ten minutes rests as is usual. The teams were as follows:

UNIVERSITY.	MARMADUKES.
Gains.....Left End.....	Spann
Smith.....Left Tackle.....	Stark
Thomas.....Left Guard.....	Harding
Latimer.....Center Rush.....	Hill
Sparrow.....Right Guard.....	Fannell
Gibson.....Right Tackle.....	Michael
Williams.....Right End.....	Yeager
Oldham.....Quarter Back.....	Soley
Bateman.....Left Half Back.....	Harrison
Evans.....Right Half Back.....	Taylor
Alley.....Full Back.....	Hamilton

The captains of the two contesting teams "flipped" for the goal and the University won, taking the ball and west goal and giving the Marmadukes the east goal.

The result of the game was a tie with the ball in the hands of the Marmadukes.

It was particularly a gentlemanly game, there being no slugging or violation of rules.

Both elevens were visitors and Sedalia was glad to have them invade her precincts. They have departed and were well pleased with their treatment.

COLLEGE CATCHES.

—Little Oldham made a fifty yard run.

—Those college yells—once heard and never forgotten.

—The university boys were the older and most dignified.

—Lieut. Smoke, of the University, was accompanied by his wife.

—The gate receipts yesterday were \$181. Pretty good for a rainy day.

—Oldham is the smallest man in the university team and a good tackler.

—Taylor of the Marmaduke's ran against a snag when he struck Gains of the University.

—The university, first team, hopes to play in Sedalia at no distant day, possibly Thanksgiving, 1893.

—There were seventy of the Marmaduke school in Sedalia yesterday. They made enough noise for 1000.

—The Marmadukes took the electric car line by storm. They went to Forest Park to interview the monks.

—R. L. Yeager, of Kansas City, of the Marmaduke team was the only boy wounded. His injuries are slight and he walked to the train last night.

—The college yell of the university was indulged in, which is as follows: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Miss-rou-ree! M. S. Uni-versi-tee! Hurah! Hurah! Yes Sir, Rec!"

WILLIAM MATTHEWS,

Model making and repair shop. All work at short notice. 510 Ohio street, Sedalia, Mo. Forty years of practical experience, is our recommendation.

—Smoke the National Golden Rod, manufactured by C. Honkomp. The best 10 cent cigar in the city.

DR. PRICE'S
Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.